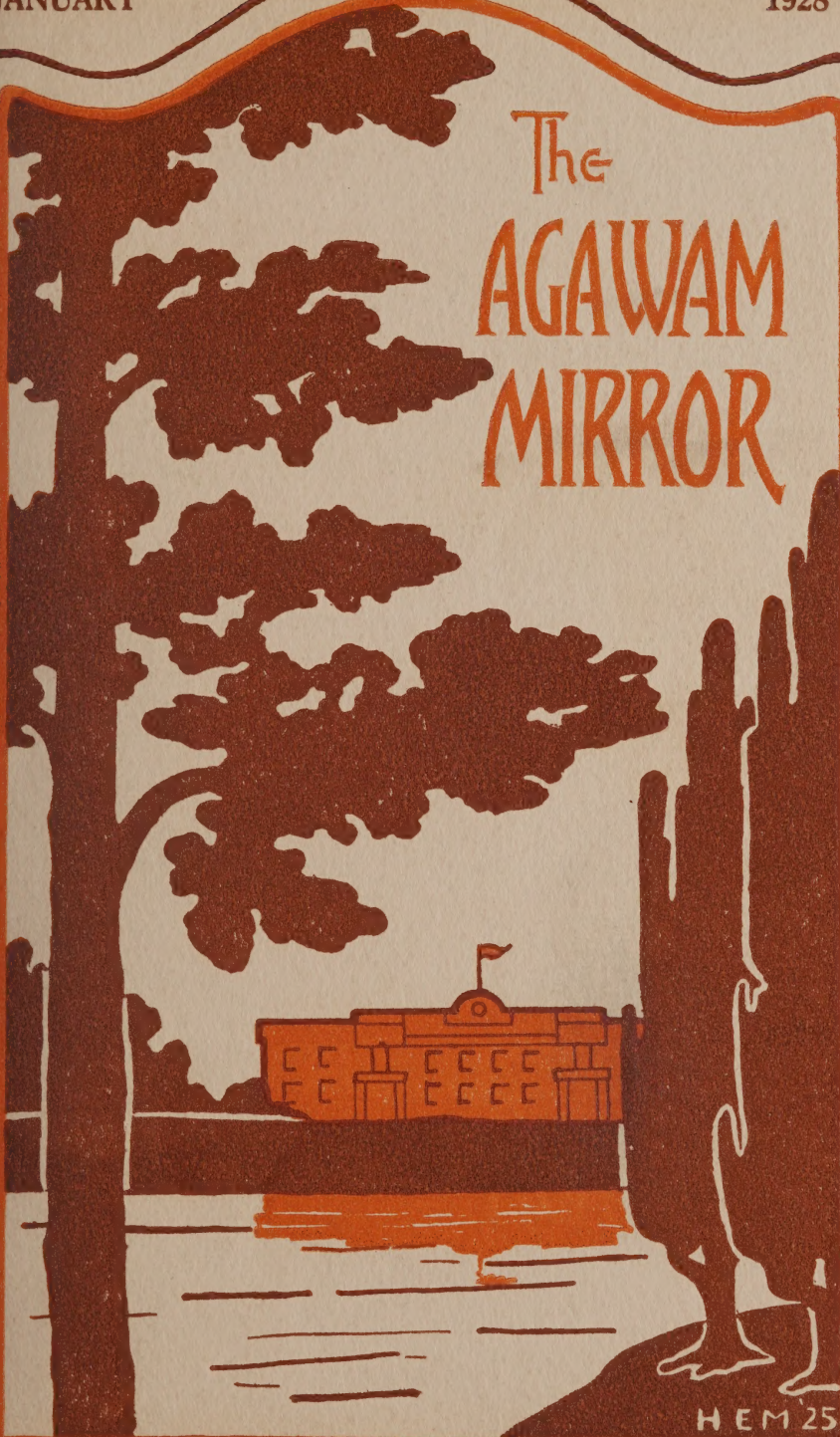


H. Rudman

JANUARY

1928

The AGAWAM MIRROR



H E M '25

The AGAWAM MIRROR

Published Quarterly by the Students of the Agawam High School,
Agawam, Massachusetts. Yearly Subscription Price of 50c.

"Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1,103, act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 28, 1924. Entered as second class matter on November 1, 1924 at the Post Office of Agawam, Mass. under the act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 4

JANUARY 1928

No. 2



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MAIN STREET

Agawam

The Pool

By HERBERT SANBORN '28

Nestled below a steep bank on its west side, and bordered by a small clearing on its east side, the pool lies serene and somber as you watch its motionless surface. Many centuries of incessant lapping has finally worn away the rock upon which it lies until now the pool is twenty feet deep, thirty feet wide, and nearly fifty feet long.

It is fed by a small stream that has its source a few miles to the north, in a large spring that lies hidden beneath a huge pile of rocks. This spring sends forth a never ending stream of cold, refreshing water. As the course of the brook lies through the woods, the water is still cold when it reaches the pool. Because of its refreshing qualities, the pool has long been a favorite drinking place for wild animals and for the few men who have passed that way.

The tall birches on the cliff to the right, shade the pool from noon until night, and are as plainly seen in the reflections in the water as they are when you watch them swinging above.

To the east, lies the little clearing, which, surrounded by the woods as it is, rarely sees the sun except when that body is nearly or directly overhead. Because of the density of the trees and the now increasing brush that surrounds the clearing one has a feeling that this spot has never been visited much by man. In fact, a spirit of gloom seems to hover over the spot, and one feels the depressing effects. In the southeastern corner of the lot, and right at the edge of the pool, stands a gnarled old oak of gigantic proportions. Its shadow is reflected in the pool from morning until night, and it has been the pool's friend for longer than any other living thing. Beneath this tree, and hardly distinguishable, is a narrow path that has for centuries been the roadway

that the wild animals have used to go to the pond. What prettier picture could you ask to see than that which the pool has had of the timid doe as she came slowly out from the woods and stood drinking beneath the giant oak, with the moon directly overhead?

It has seen the sly mink as it dodged between the rocks. And it has seen the cruel, cunning otter as it sat upon the rocks to the west, cleverly concealed by one of the roots of the giant oak which extended out to the pool, and eagerly devoured a crab that it had caught. It has often seen, too, one of these animals eating an unfortunate trout who ventured too close to shore and was instantly pounced upon by these small but fierce residents of the forest.

And many times has the pool seen the fierce old wolf, the one who always led the pack, stand upon the cliffs to the west and give its long, mournful howl that summoned his confederate to him. The whole pack has been indistinctly reflected in the clear ice, as they stood upon the cliffs undecided upon which way to go, until with a sharp bark their leader was off on the trail of a deer, or perhaps some smaller animal with the whole pack slipping away like shadows behind him. And once it saw a courageous bear back up to the side of the old oak and fight off the whole pack until they became tired of the struggle and left Bruin to his own devices. After the battle, the bear had walked to the pool. When he had bathed his wounds, he had walked unconcernedly off into the forest.

To the north is a path which has been used many years by man; first by the Indians, and then by the white man. It is now infrequently used by hunters, but the tangled mass of blackberry briars are grow-

ing thicker and thicker and only those who are hardy and patient can get through them.

Years ago, however, this was a well beaten path used by the Huron Indians when they came down from the north on raiding parties against the Six Nations. The Mohicans, one of this group were their chief enemies. They had also come down this route when they had attacked the white men's villages to the south.

The pool has seen many a victim tied to the oak, either as a method of precaution to keep him from running away or else to torture him at the stake. That was a horrible picture, where a young Mohawk stood tied to the tree while the Hurons stood ready to torture him. It was a picture that few would care to see. Overhead all was serene, with the clouds floating slowly over the moon. Below, the flames were leaping high around the tree and casting weird shadows on the water. The victim was suffering in silence, but his facial muscles could not help from contorting as the flame leaped about him. Then as the fire had burnt his bonds, he had leaped hastily into the pool swimming swiftly to the other side. He had stood for an instant on the rocks, and then had been swallowed up by the brush beside the brook, as he dashed speedily away. His astonished enemies had not had time to reach their weapons which were lying close by. The escaped victim later became a chief and was known as "The Killer," by the Hurons because of his intense hatred toward them.

Many a white scout has used the rocks to the right as a camping place.

A French renegade from the provinces was reflected in the pool as he stood at the water's edge talking to one of his Indian companions.

The pool has also seen the forms of a company of Colonial Militia as they went forth to fight Burgoyne. Each man had worn brown homespun clothes, a fur cap, and had carried a knife, powder horn, and a long rifle.

The days of strife, however, have now ceased. The only shadows which are now reflected upon the pool are those of some wood birds or else the form of a wandering hunter as he stands looking into the depths of the water.

The other day, however, the unexpected happened. An aeroplane, flying low, was

reflected for a fleeting instant in the water. Who knows but that it was "We," as they were flying on their tour of the continent? But the sighing of the water as it laps against the rocks, and the melancholy swishing of the boughs in the old oak remind us that these two friends are wishing for the old scenes they used to see when the oak was but a sapling.

We know these two companions will be friends as long as the giant oak can stand the fierce winds which try their best to fell this monarch of the forest.

Herbert Sanborn, '29.

THE HUNTER

He was tall and very slender,
Shoulders broad and narrow waist,
Rippling muscles neath his buckskin
As he walked with panther's grace.

Moccasins made not a rustle
As he stalked with soundless stride,
Moving lightly through the forest
Swinging rifle by his side.

Keen gray eyes peered straight before him
Neath his level, earnest brows;
Hair shone brighter in the sunlight
Filtering through the leafy bows.

Face now tanned to the buckskin's brown-
ness,
Roman nose and jutting chin,
Tight lipped mouth, yet curving sweetly
Like that of an Indian.

Buckskin shirt was fringed and beaded
Blending with the autumn leaves,
As he moved with silent swiftness
Neath the towering forest trees;

Passed from sight among the tree trunks.
On the leaves, the sun's bright sheen
Played and frolicked in the breezes.
Nature reigned again supreme.

Louise M. Shields, '28.

"Marooned"

By E. L. SCHATZ '28

Until I experienced the flood, the word "marooned" meant little to me. Although the river had been rapidly rising all day Friday, I did not sense the danger until messages over the radio warned the people of the lowlands to escape to the hills. The embankment in front of our house was high, but if the water should come over it we would be flooded.

By five o'clock, Mother was questioning, "How will Ted get home from work?"

"Oh! he'll get home all right. What's the use of worrying?" Sis replied.

"Yes, but the water has started to come over the road by Johnson's; it's much lower there than here."

"Are you sure you've got enough to eat in the house?" asked Dad. "I'll try to get Ted at the shop and tell him to bring home some bread and canned goods. You don't know how long we're going to be surrounded. It's started to overflow by Brown's and the small brook back of us has made the lane muddier than ever. I'm going to peddle my milk while I can."

"Maybe you'll need some help, Dad," I piped up. "I'll go with you."

The first of our route was to houses on high land. But we finally reached the place of excitement. People were gathered, watching autos come and go through the water. It certainly was hard driving, for it was questionable what was the road and what was the river. Before going through the water, we put a rubber hood over the radiator so the water wouldn't get into the engine. Then with a rubber blanket over ourselves we were off, splashing through the water in the old Ford truck. How the back end of it swayed, almost tipping over!

"This is the highest I've ever seen the river," said Dad.

"Look at the water rat swimming across the road in front of us!" I exclaimed.

"If they ever get into the cellars and

houses, we'll have some time getting rid of them," commented Dad.

We made the trip without accident, but on the way home we met some neighbors taking the women folk to safer quarters. This set me thinking. "It isn't going to be just excitement; there will be danger in it, too."

"Dad," I asked, "Are you sure we will be safe for the night? Hadn't we better go with them?"

But he was determined to stay with the farm and animals.

"What's that Mother's hollering at us?" I asked as we turned into the yard.

"The West Springfield dikes have broken and the water's about three feet over the water gauge at Smith's," we heard.

"You children had better skip to bed and forget everything," Dad urged.

Skip to bed we did, but not to forget quickly.

The next morning before dressing, I was standing at my window. The cottages, across the river, looked like house boats floating in the water. Without waiting for breakfast I was soon pacing the road that runs parallel to the river. Large pleasure launches, pulled from their moorings, were swirling down the stream. The current dashed them into submerged trees and bushes where they were wrecked to pieces. Trees, brush and rubbish covered the surface of the water. The water was so high over the roadway that no autos could possibly go through. We were marooned!

"It's a good thing we're well supplied with food," Sis said.

"That's all you think of," I answered. "What would you do if you were in one of those cottages?"

"There's nothing we can do," shrugged Brud.

"Seems kind of helpless sitting around here doing nothing, but watching the great creature rise," said Mother.

But that's what we did, just waited and watched all day long. We were all restless. I walked the land three times Saturday, as far as the water would allow, and at all edges I took pictures of the flowing water. In the house, when the radio was turned on, and we listened to the conditions about us, we thought ourselves lucky not to be in the situation of the people who were far worse off than we were. But to stay in the house, even to listen to the radio or to read, was unsatisfactory to us all.

Toward night, we became somewhat relieved, for the river had gone down three inches. By seven o'clock, it was going down on the average of two inches an hour. This good news made me drop most of my fear, and I went to bed ready for a good night's sleep.

"The river's gone down as fast as it came up," answered Dad to our questions, the following morning.

I grabbed a bite of breakfast and then rushed off to view the sights. Mud, thick, chocolate-brown in color, lay in masses over much of the macadam road while in other places there were deep holes filled with dirty water. Cracks and lumps swelled the road into roughness. The terrific force of the water beating against the foundations of cellars, had made them cave in, and peeking through holes, I saw potatoes, squash, turnips, and other vegetables, which would now have to be thrown away, from the fear of disease.

On my way home I pondered over the hardships the raging Connecticut had caused my family and many others. I knew I would not like to live these days over again, yet I realized that they had been rich in giving experience.

E. L. Schwartz, '28.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS NAU SICAA

The boss wanted to get me a nice job so he had me interview Miss Nau Sicaa, the season's debutante, concerning her meeting with the great adventurer, Mr. U. Lysses. I went to the terminal and got a chariot to

take me to Torturebump, the ultrafashionable residential section of Phoecia, kept exclusively for the highest of society. Along the street of the marble residences, we joggled. I began to enjoy myself but the enjoyment ceased after the chariot driver had been paid. I now stood before the palatial residence of King Al Cinus, the shipping magnate. I could hear the popular harp player, D. Mod. Ocus, entertaining the guests with songs about the traveler, U. Lysses.

When asked, the footman took me to Miss Nau Sicaa's private apartments. When I met her, the first thing that impressed me was her arms. They are as white as snow, and are certainly all that they are reported to be. She is the living embodiment of "that schoolgirl complexion." Miss Sicaa wears terribly modern short skirts. For the benefit of my women readers, I shall say that you could see almost her entire shoe. Miss Nau Sicaa, though not a publicity fiend, was very glad to have her name in the Grecian Gazette, and readily consented to the interview. When asked the circumstances of her meeting, she replied that she had been down to the river washing clothes. (She always uses Lux.) She had been playing ball, and some of her maids had screamed when the ball had been thrown wide of its mark and a man had suddenly appeared. The maids ran away. (The servant problem.) Miss Sicaa said that she had not been scared in the least, and had remained right there. She then gave him clothes belonging to her brother. "I then learned that he had been in an Ithacan ship which had been wrecked by the S. S. Lightning of Mt. Olympus and that he had been the only one to get away from the wreckage." She continued, "When dressed in the proper clothes, Mr. U. Lysses asked my father, King Al Cinus, who is a great shipping magnate, you know, for a boat. He offered father a bum I. O. U. in return. Mr. U. Lysses is such a nice man, but he didn't like me! Boo-hoo," sobbed the demure Miss Sicaa. At this point she completely broke down, terminating our interview.

(With apologies to Homer.)

Bion Wheeler, '31.

FIFTEEN MINUTES IN THE MANUAL TRAINING SHOP

After passing down a wide stairway, we entered the bright airy work-shop of our high school. Mr. Dacey came over to greet us.

"I'd like to have you meet my father, Mr. Dacey. Dad is very much interested in this line of our schoolwork." (Here Mr. Dacey showed a broad grin, as he likes to have the boys bring their Dads into the shop. He knows that then they can see for themselves just how interesting this end of the school work is.) "I would like to show Dad around a bit if you will allow me."

"Right by the door here, Dad, is the circular saw, used for ripping down boards.

"Over here, is a power plane, used to plane the edge of boards. When in the Junior High, I had to do this same work by hand.

"Next to it, is the band-saw. This is used for cutting out designs on wood.

"Away over here in this corner is the lathe. You can easily turn out handles, table legs, lamps and many other useful things.

"Now, come up to the middle of the room, and see our benches. You will notice that they are good strong, sturdy benches.

"On the right here, is the tool room. We have different kinds of tools for different kinds of work.

"Up on top you can see some of the furniture the students have turned out. Over across the shop on that bench we saw more pieces. Tables, lamps, sewing cabinets, smoking stands, and bookcases make up a large part of the articles turned out during the year."

I was decidedly proud to show my Dad the articles which the boys had made this year, as they are especially good work. Dad was pleased too, with the fifteen minutes spent in the shop.

F. K., '29.

THE BLIZZARD

The sunset was hiding behind the dark clouds,
The sky hanging low on the brow of the hill,
The blizzard came sweeping across the broad plain
Pursued by the north wind relentless and shrill.

While galloping swift on the wings of the storm
It tore through the tree tops so ruthlessly tearing,
While the limbs and the bows screeched aloud in protest
Bewailing the blizzard and wind's vengeful daring.

It clasped the old barn in its merciless arms
And crushed the frail walls till they crumbled below.
It picked up the ruins and rushed them along
And left them to smother and mold in the snow.

It made the tall pine trees bow humbly down
And clouded the needles with snow, stinging, white;
It twisted the branches and threshed them around,
They trembled and shivered before the wind's might.

The wind raged and roared in the dark of the night,
It piled up the drifts and then tumbled them down.
It filled up the corners, the nooks and the crannies,
Until the cold dawn met the snow covered ground.

The first timid rays of the struggling sun
Encountered a new world all gleaming and white—
How easy it is for a blizzard to change
The landscape, in just one short, blustering night.

Louise Shields.

INTERESTING BOOKS OF SCIENCE

When you pick up a book of biology or any other science, and pry over its interesting pages, does it ever occur to you the toil of years and the perils undergone by scientists to bring to you such valuable knowledge?

For his book, "The Edge of the Jungle," William Beebe gathered his facts by actual experience. During four years, Mr. Beebe and his helpers lived in British Guiana. He occupied a tumbledown hut in a secluded spot near the jungle, where she studied the habits of ants, bats, butterflyed, and various other insects.

His most unusual experiment dealt with Vampire Bats. Desiring to find out how these mammals extracted the blood from other life, he lay in bed with his toes and elbows exposed. A mere tickling sensation was noted and upon investigation he found a mark like a pin point through which the blood was sucked. It is interesting to note that Mr. Beebe has not completed this experiment to his satisfaction, and is still working hard on it.

Another book that was recommended to me in preparation for the biology course is "Men of the Old Stone Age," by Henry Fairfield Osbourne. A vivid account of man's development through the ages is given. It tells how man lost his hairy covering with the wearing of clothes; how his jaw receded and his brain developed; how he first became interested in language and art, and moved from rough caves to wooden houses. One can see man do all these things as if looking into a Kaleidoscope so skilful is Osbourne's style of writing.

If we follow Men of the Old Stone Age by the reading of Microbe Hunters, we change from the Kaleidoscope to the Microscope. The author, Paul De Krauife, has told the story in such a way that the reader follows, much of the time, incidents told by the scientists themselves.

When you see a drop of rain water, does it seem possible to you that animals a thousand times smaller than any creatures we can see with our eyes alone, live, play, and swim in a single drop. Lieuwenhock, first of the Microbe Hunters, made this wonderful discovery. He found them not only in

drinking water and in rain water, but also on his teeth, in great numbers. Nights and days of hard labor brought only more puzzles dealing with these little beasts, until at last he died and his work was passed on to Spallanzani, who claimed microbes must have parents. He too, was puzzled by their large numbers, but after much planning he had a splendid idea. Spallanzani went to his laboratory and put a drop of seed soup swarming with animals on a piece of crystal glass. Then with a clean hair-fine tube he put a drop of pure distilled water—that had not a single little animal in it—on the same glass, close to the drop that swarmed with microbes. He took a fine needle, he stuck it carefully into the drop of microbe soup—and then made a canal with it across to the empty water drops. Quickly, he turned his lens onto the passageway between the two drops and grunted satisfaction, as he saw the wriggling little creatures begin to drift through this canal. He grabbed for a camel's hair brush. At last! there was one of the wee animals in the water drop. Deftly he flicked the brush across the small canal, wiping it out. Spallanzani had one animalcule all by itself. His lens hardly quivered as he sat with tense hands and arms, back bent, squinting through the glass at the drop with its single inhabitant.

A strange thing startled him. The beast—it was shaped like a small rod—began to grow thinner, and thinner in the middle. At last the two parts of it were held together by the thickness of a spider web thread, and the two halves began to wiggle desperately, when suddenly they jerked apart. There they were, two perfectly formed, gently gliding, little beasts, where there had been one before. Then what was more marvelous to see, these two children of the first one in a score of minutes split up again—and now there were four more where there had been one!

Louis Pasteur, the man who discovered the nature of disease germs, and who probably holds the gratitude of all mankind, has given a very interesting account of some of his experiments in "Microbe Hunters."

I recommend these books for those interested in science.

E. Pronk.

Editorial

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Was it you we heard last week, saying as you rushed to make home room on time, "I got up so late this morning, I had no time to eat my breakfast." Do you realize how such neglect will tell on your work?

Food gives heat and energy to the body and builds up the tissues. It gives you the power to work. The amount of food needed depends upon age, sex, occupation, climate, and health. If you are active in sports, you require more energy than if you are inactive.

It has been whispered that occasionally teachers come to school without breakfast. How can a teacher do her best work for three hours without the needed energy?

A breakfast should be considered carefully. And what is a *good* breakfast. Fruit and cereals are healthful and nourishing. An egg in any form is a strength builder. Add to this cocoa or milk, with toast or muffins and you have a nutritious meal. But it must all be eaten slowly. A good breakfast eaten hurriedly will injure rather than help the body.

The question of a properly chosen lunch is equally important. The lunches sold in the school cafeteria are all carefully planned. A salad is often a combination of many kinds of foods. Macaroni and cheese is a nourishing dish because macaroni contains little fat and cheese is rich with it.

If you bring your lunch from home, is it a well chosen lunch? A good example of a well balanced lunch would be:

Cheese and nut sandwiches (Protein, fat and carbohydrates).

Cup custard (Protein and fat).

4 Sweet crackers (Carbohydrates).

Banana (Carbohydrates).

This provides the necessary food elements in good proportion.

A lunch that is not properly balanced might be one with too many sweet things—sandwiches with jelly fillings, cake and candy. This is not an uncommon lunch and it is very harmful if eaten too often. Too much of one kind of food makes one lazy and indifferent to work.

Meals should be eaten at regular hours. If the work is mental, the meals should be lighter and of different food combinations than if the work is physical.

Why doesn't someone start the fad in school, of keeping health charts in which we record our attention to balanced diet? On the charts should also be recorded the rise in school grades, better health, and insured happiness.

L. S., '28.

DAY'S END

The day is done,
The weary sun
In soft clouds reclining.
The pale young moon
Will come out soon,
The clouds' embrace declining.
Its journey long
Is beguiled with song,
And not with sad repining.

A twinkling star
Lights Venus' car,
As through the sky she passes;
While in her wake,
Bright fairies shake
The moon-fire's silvery ashes.

The stars are veiled,
The moon has paled;
Night droops her shadow lashes.

Sylvia Hunter '31.

We are calling this issue our essay number. You want stories. We, too, want stories but first class stories only—nothing second rate will do for *The Agawam Mirror*. It's up to Agawam High School pupils to furnish these stories. We understand that several good stories are in the process of construction, but do not let this discourage you from making an effort also. The more, the better.

Our next issue will be a Home and School number.

Junior High

THE LEADERS' CLUB

Regular meetings of the Leaders' Club have been held each Wednesday. A suitable program has been arranged for each meeting, followed by entertainments furnished by members of the club. Musical programs have been very popular.

The aim of the Leaders' Club is to make the Agawam Jr.-Sr. High School a better school.

The problems on hand are how to have

Better conduct in the gym!

Better conduct in the halls!

Better conduct on the street cars!

Creighton Abrams.

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

Members of the Current Events Club enjoy social activities as well as the more serious work of their general meetings.

A Christmas party was held the week before Christmas. Selections were read by Mrs. Phillips, and a musical program was given by eight members of the club. Refreshments were served; presents were given to boys and girls, and a splendid time was enjoyed by all.

Much credit is due Mrs. Phillips for her help. Without her leadership our party would hardly have been a success! The first meeting of the new year will be held in the Assembly Hall on Monday, January 23rd at 12.30.

Esther Hedges.

MY CANARY BIRD

My canary bird is a cheery little fellow. Every day I talk to him and he answers with a little peep. I give him a bath every day. He will first test it with his bill and wait until it is the right temperature. Then he jumps into the water flapping his wings briskly. After he dries himself in the warm sunlight, he feels very happy and sings through the day. He is a brilliant yellow with a little black about his neck. His eyes are like little black beads. At night, when it is getting dark I cover his cage with a cloth and he covers his head with his wings.

Estelle Provost, 9-B.

HOW THE STORM BEGAN

It was one of those hot, mid-summer days. The sky had been a clear, deep blue all morning, but early in the afternoon, black threatening clouds were beginning to gather in the west. Low rumblings of thunder could be heard muttering in the west, while an occasional, vivid, flash of lightning, danced from cloud to cloud. As the distant thunder came nearer, the wind came up. It was just a feeble breeze at first, but it grew stronger and the sky grew darker, until everyone had to go in from the porches. Then with a sudden fury the storm broke upon us. The wind blew with a mighty force, so that anything that was in its way was blown hither scatter. For an hour the storm raged. Then the wind died down, the rain, thunder, and lightning ceased, and all was calm.

Helen Squire, 9-B.

PENMANSHIP AWARDS

Student's Certificates—Highest awards: Henry Charvat, Irene Chistolini, Mary Barberi, Vera Alvergini, Irene Montagna.

Improvement Certificates: Valentina Giorgi, Magdalene Mencarelli, Marguerite Tatro, Flora Bongiovanni, Vanda Giorgi, Louise Mencarelli, Letizia Ferrera, Henry Montagna, Angelina Mascaro.

Progress Pins: Marjorie Secord, Virginia Fyhr, Doris Morrison, Blanche Barden, Theresa Puibeni, Della Lamson, John Nacewicz, Justina Healy, Vera Kacham, Rose Pedulla, Eleanor Samble, Marion Chestnut, Esther Hedges, Florence Violi, Josephine Fragomeni.

WINTER

Winter comes but once a year,
With a thick white sheet all over the ground.
The winds are cold and bitterly clear,
And not a sign of leaves can be found.

The icicles hang from every roof,
And the windows are shining with frost.
The sheets are a winding snowy path,
And the hills in a mountainous fog are lost.

Mildred Longey, 9-B.

Athletics

BOYS' BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

December 16, Trinity College Seconds.
 December 23, Technical High.
 January 6, At Palmer.
 January 10, At West Springfield.
 January 12, Ware.
 January 20, At Enfield.
 January 27, Ludlow.
 January 31, At Monson.
 February 3, At Stafford Springs.
 February 8, At Technical High.
 February 10, Palmer.
 February 17, At Ware.
 February 21, West Springfield.
 February 24, Enfield.
 March 2, At Ludlow.
 March 9, Stafford Springs.
 March 13, Monson.

Trinity at Agawam

Agawam showed promise of a banner season when it easily subdued the Trinity College Second team 22-3. Capt. Consolati was high scorer with 9 points. The feature of the game was the tight defense which the locals showed.

Technical High of Springfield at Agawam

On December 23, Tech invaded the local gym and took Agawam into camp by a 21-13 score.

Tech led at the half, 10-4, but Agawam came back strong in the last quarter to tie the score. But it was only to lose out in the last few minutes of play. The defensive playing of both teams was the feature of the night. Joyce led the scores with 9 points. Agawam made only 5 out of 15 free shots. more than 600 fans witnessed the contest.

Agawam at Palmer

January 6 saw Agawam open its league season by defeating Palmer 36 to 26. Palmer never caused Agawam much trouble, so tight was Agawam's defense. Fortini with 11 points, Capt. Consolati with 9, and Roy

with 9, did the scoring for Agawam. Mega led the Palmer scorers with 11.

Both teams were supported by a large crowd of rooters.

Agawam at West Springfield

On January 10, Agawam trounced its oldest and greatest rival, West Springfield, 23-9. The game was rough and hard fought all the way.

The Agawam defense was again the feature of the contest, holding the West Siders to 3 baskets.

The scoring was evenly divided amongst the locals.

Ware at Agawam

On January 12, Agawam played host to Ware, and then forced them to take the long count of 32-11. Ware didn't score a field goal until the last 25 seconds of play. It was Agawam's 14th straight league victory over a stretch of three years. Capt. Consolati was leading scorer with 14 points. Agawam's defense again featured.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

December 23, Huntington.
 January 6, At Palmer.
 January 10, At West Springfield.
 January 12, Ware.
 January 31, At Monson.
 February 3, At Stafford Springs.
 February 10, Palmer.
 February 17, At Ware.
 February 21, West Springfield.
 March 2, At Huntington.
 March 6, Monson.
 March 9, Stafford Springs.
 March 13, At Suffield.

Huntington at Agawam

The Agawam girls defeated the Huntington girls without any difficulty, 57-3. Pond, Rudman, and Jones featured for Agawam.

(Continued on Page 17)

School Notes

Exchanges

Within the last three months the Exchange department has received magazines from schools in eleven different states and one from British Honduras. Over thirty Copies of this issue of our paper will be circulated to schools we exchange with, and in this way we hope to be as useful to them as we have found their numbers to be to us.

Our Toasts

The Mercury, West Springfield High School, West Springfield, Mass.

We are keenly interested to renew the exchange from across the river. Your joke department is excellent in that it is entirely original. We advise more department headings.

Homespun, Central High School, Greensboro, North Carolina.

Your November issue was a help in our study of music and music appreciation.

The Mangrove, St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras.

The Palmer, Palmer High School, Palmer, Mass.

The Enfield Echo, Enfield High School, Thompsonville, Conn.

The Red and Grey, Fitchburg High School, Fitchburg, Mass.

Toasts To Us

The Red and Grey, Fitchburg High School, Fitchburg, Mass.

Agawam Mirror from Agawam, Mass.

List to our comment for which you ask, The "Spice Box" is good, that is a fact

But your extensive advertising should be compact.

THE ART DEPARTMENT

In the art department, we have followed the cultural and artistic development of people from prehistoric times to our own day. The course of study gives a background for designing. Such work has in mind commercial products used every day. We have gained also ideas of civic beauty, and of art for personal use.

The class has revealed very clever ideas in designing Christmas cards, some of which were sent to friends.

You have seen in the previous issues of *The Agawam Mirror* attractive sketches and designs, representing the articles. These were made by girls, taking the art course.

For the interest of the boys, the art of advertising has been introduced and is progressing successfully. The boys are now painting large, attractive posters, and when this work is completed they will work on travel posters. They spent one afternoon, recently, at the Springfield Art Guild where an exhibition of Commercial Art was being shown.

The girls and boys of the art department have wondered at their own artistic talent which was undiscovered until they entered the art class and worked under the guiding hand of Miss Crowley.

COLLEGE CLUB

On December the twenty-second, the College Club had its first meeting in the form of a reception for the graduates now attending colleges outside of Springfield. Eight graduates and thirty members of the club assembled for the evening in the High School Auditorium. The President, Frank Consolati, presided over the meeting. After Mr. Williams had welcomed the alumni, the President introduced the speakers. Louise Hawley told about the interesting customs and the especially observed days at Mount Holyoke. Preston Leonard gave an amusing account of the initiation of Freshmen at St. John's College. According to the reports of Helen Fickweiler and Marjory Leonard, Brown University is not co-ed. They told about Brown and her customs from the view-point of the Sophomore and of the Junior. Mr. Phelps, who was the last speaker, told about his college days and pointed out the value of a college education. Miss Rovelli played a very pleasing selection on the violin.

As the formal meeting ended, the graduates and undergraduates talked in informal groups. Refreshments of cake and punch were served.

Sometime in the future the College Club is planning to invite all of the graduates

now attending Normal School or a school in Springfield, for one of its meetings.

The club appreciates reading matter or advice that helps those going to college.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES

During Education Week, from November seventh to November eleventh, the school attended three special assemblies.

On November seventh, Dr. Chamberlain of Agawam spoke on "The Value of Health." On November ninth, Rev. Mr. Daniel Thompson of Agawam, spoke on "The Value of Higher Education." On November eleventh, Mr. Frank Scott, an assemblyman of this western district gave a brief talk on "Armistice Day." Ralph Channell's saxophone solo as usual gained much applause. A violin solo by Thomas Holmes was also received with marked pleasure. The school was pleased that many mothers attended.

These assemblies were all pleasing.

Miss Sullivan prepared an excellent Thanksgiving Day program for the morning assembly, November twenty-third.

Della Lamson, Tessie Smith, and Albert Wood, gave a short Thanksgiving tableau which everyone appreciated. Dewayne Raynor played a piano solo so well that the applause was almost deafening. A recitation entitled "Where Our Thanksgiving Dinner Comes From," by Marguerite Tatro, set us to thinking of the many individuals who deserve our thanks for our food. The numbers played on the accordin by Elizabeth Tronconi, were the usual delight of the students.

On December twenty-third, the school enjoyed the following Christmas program prepared by Miss Phealan.

THE PROGRAM

A one act play "The Awakening," Dorothy Munson, Marion Allen, Doris Morrison, and Albert Wood.

Three Christmas songs, by the Boy's Chorus.

A duet, by Annette Letendre, Doris Parker.

A reading "Christmas Dinner on the Wing," by Catherine Burke.

KID PARTY

On Monday, December the nineteenth, the Seniors and Juniors held the annual Kid Party in the gymnasium. By seven o'clock, little girls wearing big hair ribbons and dressed in very short dresses, swarmed over the floor playing with little boys wearing short pants. The decorations of Christmas trees and red and green streamers made it evident that it was a Christmas Party. After playing games such as Drop the Handkerchief and the Cat and the Mouse, Dorothy Munson called the children together around the large Christmas Tree. Santa Claus hurried in on his auto. Everyone welcomed him. The presentation of the gifts brought a great deal of fun and laughter. After Santa had said good-bye, the girls and boys scurried to the lunch room where many good things awaited them. When the food was all gone, they danced in the gymnasium until ten-thirty, the time set for the breaking up of the party.

GWENDOLYN

Her hair, a cloud of sunshine;
Her brow, a drift of snow;
Her eyes, deep pools of azure;
Her lips, a scarlet bow;

Her smile, a flash of sweetness;
Her voice, a golden song;
Her laugh, a sound of gladness
To charm the world along;

Her grace like swaying birches;
Her hands, white-petaled flowers;
Her gown, a sheath of silver,
Like sunshine through a shower;

Her life, a constant giving;
Her heart full to the brim;
Her name like lilting music—
And this is Gwendolyn.

Louise M. Shields, '28.



Another Lazy Bill Letter

Dear Folks,

L O everyone. O S I'm O K. The cookies were good. A B and I ate M. I C D neighbors have moved out. U R ✓ came in han D as the S X broke down. If K T and L C come Monday, I will C M at the door.

I M U R son,

Bill.

Miss Ward: "Why do they close the short session of Congress abruptly on a certain day?"

Ferrarini: "Because, if it went much longer it would be a long session."

Mr. Hadley: "What are calories?"

1st Boy: "Hard things that grow on your hands."

2nd Boy: "No. That's not right. They're men that ride horses in the army."

Miss Baker: "What would be some of the things you would tell the manager in seeking the positions?"

D. Smith: "If I didn't know anything, I'd tell him what I knew."

Miss Phealan: "Danahy, tell about the life of Socrates."

Danahy: "He was a successful failure."

Miss Ward: "Name an amendment that has been added to the constitution."

Barbara: "The abolishment of slavery."

Martha: "Isn't that the same as women suffrage?"

YELLOW SLIPS

If we reach school in the morning
And stand talking in the hall,
If we chance to shout across the room
Or throw a paper ball
—We get a yellow slip.

If we forget that time is short
And enter classes late,
If we forget to quiet down
At the session bell we hate
—We get a yellow slip.

If we should chance to whisper
On our march to chapel room,
If we should stop to mention
The injustice of our doom
—We get a yellow slip.

If we forget our dignity
And go singing to our class,
If we are late and, running
Meet a teacher as we pass
—We get a yellow slip.

If we forget these little slips
And let detention slide
With hope we'll not be noticed,
And slip outside to hide
—We get a second yellow slip.

L. S., '28.

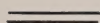
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Alumni

We regret, that due to an unexplainable error the names of Vivian Vincelette and Preston Leonard were omitted, in the list of the class of 1928, given in our last issue.

Preston Leonard is at St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland.

Vivian Vincelette has received her diploma from Burreby Rose Academy and has opened a beauty parlor in her home.

Cupid has been busy among our alumni and we find that wedding bells have been ringing merrily—

Marjorie Bitgood, '25, is now Mrs. Clifford Scoville. She is living in Agawam.

Avis Bodurtha, '25, has changed her name to Mrs. Clyde C. Connor. She and her husband are now residing in East Orange, New Jersey.

Gladys Wells, '24, has married Carl Gottsche of Agawam.

*(Continued from page 13)***Agawam at Palmer**

On the afternoon of January 6, the Agawam girls journeyed to Palmer. The guards put up a strong defense. The final score was 22-18 in favor of Agawam.

Agawam at West Springfield

January 10th found the Agawam girls playing on a two division floor. Good team work was played by all. Costa and Pond made five floor baskets each, and a number of gift shots. The final score was 41-29 in favor of West Springfield.

Ware at Agawam

The most exciting game of the season was when Agawam and Ware played a tie game on the afternoon of January 12. The Agawam girls led at the half time; but the Ware maidens showed good form and the lead changed hands several times. The work of the guards excelled. Final score was 23-23.

N. Dupuis '29

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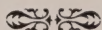
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